VOLUME XXI.—NUMBER 31.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ne following poem, composed by Mrs. Guetav and dedicated to Chas. McAllister, was read a centennial in Philadelphia, in 1871.]

Choice Loetry.

Where Edinburgh in beauty fair Sits like a radiant Queen. Mid Sectiond's scenes of wonders rare, The hills and brase between: Great Nature on Creation smiled, A hundred years ago, And gave a winsome, bonnie child, To bless the world below.

Rudowed with gratieness of heart,
A strangely gifted mind.
A soul sincere and free from art,
A spirit pure and kind;
He grew in stature, mind, and soul,
Till all might closely sean.
And, feeling virtue's pure control,
Stamp him an upright man.

"Watch weel I"—the motto of his life, Engraven on his crest, The monitor, in calm or strife, That lived within his breast; Imagination's wild domain He traversed o'er and o'er, And brought its treasures back again, To yield historic lore.

The beauties of his native land, Of Highland wood and rill, He pictured with a master hand. And with a painter's skill. New life he gave to legends old, Heroes and maidens fair. In mem'ry's realm again unfold. And dwell in beanty there.

Great King of Scottish minetrelsy!
Though other bards may sing.
The magic name of Waverley
Bright thoughts of thee will bring.
"Rob Roy," and "Old Mortality"
"Montrose," and "Old Mortality"
With "Kenilworth," shall ever be
Thy laurels green each day.

And e'en the Scottish thistle, seen In woodland cot or hall, Shall seem to deck thy crown, I ween, And dreams of joy recall. Hall, Abbotsford! fair dwelling place Of genius, free from stain, The bomestead of his kindred race, He strove to call "his ain."

O'er many lands his feet might roam, 'Mid beantles wondrous rare. 'Mid beantles wondrous rare,
Yet "naught was like his own dear home,
No spot so bright and fair."
And when, in later years, his life
Was ebbing first away—
His noble nature in the strife
Grown weaker day by day;

For "Abbotaford" his spirit yearned. With keen and warm desire, with keen and warm desire.
As mem'ry to its seat returned.
To light anew hope's fire.
But when ne more the feeble hand
Could hold the accustomed pen.
One book alone, in all the land. Could bring him comfort then

Ah! "need you ask! there is but one.
The word of God," he said;
And there his peace was sought and won
Ho slept—they call him dead.
The gentle ripple of the Tered
Sang requires sad and low,
Ills leving heart no song could heed,
No kind response bestow.

Beside his kin—his peaceful rest Calm as a child may be, And winds and birds above his heart Chant sweetest melody. Unant sweetest melody.
Immortal genius! heaven-born mind!
Where wit and possy,
Romance and history combined,
In perfect symmetry.

A bundred years are gone, and still Thy minatrel voice is heard. Pure as the sound of rippling rill, Or earel of a bird. And centuries may come and go, Yet each historic spot, O'er which thy genius shed its glow, Shall speak of Walter Scott.

Select Stary.

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the Spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to

stalk, be drew rein, as he said:
"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop
here anyhow, for awhile, and see what I can stalk, be drew rein, as he said: He thereupon dismounted, and entered the

parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a

landlord.
"See to my horse outside," replied the gaest
carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine-Rhine will do.

The land'ord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said:
"Which way, meinheer, do you fravel f"
"To Naustadt," replied the guest.
"You will rest here to night, I suppose," con

tinned the landlord.
"I will stay here for two or thre hours, but I

"I will stay here for two or thre hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination there in the morning. I am going to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt!" asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why!" replied the stranger, looking up enriously.

riously.
"Because!" whispered the landlord, looking

around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that passed over the road between this and Nanstadt at midnight, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very timeler discounters." ingular circumstances."
"What were the circumstances?" asked the

"What were the circumstances? asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and pre-paring to fill it again.
"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat. "I bave spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they

remember meeting, in the lonesome part of the wood, something that looked white and ghastly, and that frightened their horses so that they and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awake in an hour or so, to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed" ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inn-keeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"If" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that

"If" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, mest certainly not: I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later, the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Naustadt.

During a flash of lightning, the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace, as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger; "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person ad-

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion.
"My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunder-storm. If you will go on through, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movoment, and stopped also.
"Guides should lead, not follow," said the

A SCOTCH paper gives an incident of General Grant's war career by remarking that he had lost a thumb and finger, at the battle of Michi-

stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the peron addressed.
"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't

"Won't he !" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of his companion without another

word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right, and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the read.

He heard the claster of his horse, as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant, he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon

minated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembling violent-ly as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol

ly as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could, under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion, drily; "hut mark my word, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:

must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:
"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you, without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident, from his mutterings, that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had increase in the meantime the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence, the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse.

Soldenly the guide two days had becked by

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked be hind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol, and saw his uplifted arm. "Have mercy, meinbeer," he groaned, "I dare

"Have mercy, meinbeer," he grouned, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly. "One!"

"In heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear, "look before me in the road, and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interrupter, for the next instant he set his teeth hard, while he whispered between them just loud enough to be heard by his terror stricken guide:

"Be it man or devil!—ride it down—I'll follow. Two!"

low. Two!"
With a cry of despair upon his lips, the guide

With a cry of despair upon his lips, the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who heid his pistol ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang throug the dark forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was snything but sepulchral:

"Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute, and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nouplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost, he was next enabled to grepe his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass, about the size of a man, on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the atranger leaved noon the stooning figure before him.

about the size of a man, on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore it to the ground.

"I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat, and holding him tight. "Stir hand or foot until

I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs

that the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was hand-cuffed and strip-ped of his dagger and pistol before he found

his own senses, and was hand-culled and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found time to speak.

"Are you not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed, "I am not. But I am an officer of the King, at your service, on special duty to do what I have to night accomplished. Your precions son, Wilhelm, whom you thought was leading an innoceut sheep to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsale prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer, and the Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendlish murders, and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head from the executioner's axe, since when, travelling through Schwartzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the road in that section of the world.

The Graphic definitely resumed specie payment yesterday in the dollar of our fathers. Its collector called on Messrs. Lang & Robinson, flour dealers, No. 2, Front Street, with a bill for \$187, when one of the urbane proprietors emerged and welcomed him to the establishment, and instant in the stabilishment, and instant in the stabilishment. vited him to recline temporarily in a beautiful invalid chair, when the following dialogue en-

sued:
Proprietor-Glancing at bill-Yes - \$187that's all right. Cashier! [Enter cashier briskly, i.e.] Cashier—Yes, sir.

Cantier—Yes, sir.

Prop.—Please pay this geutleman \$187 for this receipted bill.

Cash. (to Collector)—Step this way, sir. Here ou are, on this counter, \$187. Count it, please.

Collector—This, here? This pile of silver?

Why, here's a peck of it? Prop. (coming up, u. r. c.) -You seem surprised.

Col.—Ye-yes. It's a little unusual, but— Col.—Ye-yes. It's a little unusual, but—
Prop.—The Graphic is a silver paper, is'nt it f
Col.—Oh, yes; this is all right. Don't disturb
yourself. I was pleasantly surprised by the remarkable vision. I'll have it carried back and
credited to you.—[Exit Collector, I. c.]
And the amount was deposited. Be it hereby
known to whom it may concern, that The Graphic will gladly receive silver, either dollars or
subsidiary coins, in payment of all debts, and to
any amount. Nobody need have the smallest
hositation about offering it to us. We have resumed specie payment in the D. of our F., or
even in the H. or Q. D. of our F.—Graphic, December 22.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1878.

Miscellany. THE PRAIL DEAD

BY ISRAEL FORGE.

Fold the coarse shroud on her bosom; Lift her with jesting and mirth; Take the worn ring from her finger— Little the bauble is worth, Tangled her curls—but no matter, Push them all roughly away; Back from her passionless forehead; Tie but a Magdalen's clay. Who will come forth to behold her?
No one—so on with the lid;
Press the face downward and firmer—
It looks as her poor mother's slid;
Just such faint lines on the temples,
Just so deep sunken the eyes;
Rot their remembrance forever,
Living by craft and by lies.

Lay her away from the sunlight— Why should it rest on her face ! Put her pine box in the shadow, Bardened with sin and diagrace; Nameless the coffin—no matter; Sleepeth she well enough no— Dig her a hole in the corner, Where the rank thistle weeds gre

Stop! I bethink me a moment— Pahaw! these are womanish tears; I have a fair little daughter— I lly, of tenderest years; What if—O! horror to think it— Gently, men, gently, behold, Out on the rough side left hanging One shiping rinyels of sold.

Hush, men, this mirth is untimely; Cease your rude laughter and din; Though full of frailty, remember, Man is to blaue for her sin. Lay her in allence to slumber. Evenly cower her bed; For the aske of my one little daughter. I will be kind to the dead.

WHAT CAUSES THIS WARM WEATH Earth Out of her Orbit, and Rushis Toward the Sun?

We are now within a few days of Christmas, and the weather which ought to be exceedingly cold, is as warm as though it were the middle of May. Not only have our natural expectations of cold been disappointed, but it is actually warmer now than it was two months ago. If we are to believe the evidence of our senses, Spring, and not Winter, is approaching. In at least one village in the neighborhood of this city the cherry-trees are in blossom. In many places in this State and other Northern States, the blue-birds have returned from their Winter trip to the South, and are busily looking up eligible nest-building sites. The grass, which put on its Winter hue early in November, has thrown it off, and is rapidly growing green again. To conoff, and is rapidly growing green again. To con-front this nuited and unanimous testimony of front this united and unanimous testimony of the trees, the grass, the blue birds, and our own senses, to the effect that the weather is growing and will continue to grow warmer, we have only the assertion of the almanac. The intelligent man can hardly heaitate which to believe. It is

man can hardly hesitate which to believe. It is true that cherry-trees are impulsive, and often make mistakes, but the hlue bird's voracity is unimpeachable, and when he announces that the Spring is at hand, we have no right to charge him with falsehood, or error.

This unprecedented conduct on the part of the weather, has naturally created a great deal of interest. It is noticeable that the scientific persons, from whom we have a right to expect explanations of all natural phenomena, have, not a word to say in regard to the weather. When they are questioned, they either pretend that they have not noticed that the weather is unusually warm, or else they hasten to turn the unusually warm, or else they hasten to turn the conversation. This conduct is certainly significant, not to say suspicious. Meanwhile, the scientific persons are holding conferences and exchanging letters full of obstruse calculations, the purport of which they keep a profound secret. They have ceased to hunt for asteroids, or to They have ceased to hunt for asteroids, or to quarrel over the question of the existence of Vulcan. It is to be hoped that an explanation of their conduct and of the unprecedented warmth of the weather can be made, but it is impossible to deny that a feeling of uncasiness exists among thoughtful men, especially such as have a moderate acquaintance with astronomy and meteorology.

and meteorology.

It is still fresh in the public recollection that during the months of October and November the planet Mars was more brilliant than either Venus or Jupiter. It was apparently double its usual size, and its two satellites, which had pre usual size, and its two satellites, which had pre-viously escaped the observation of the best tele-scopes, were easily discerned. The astronomers offered no explanation of this phenomenant. We could readily understand that Mars would ap-pear unusually large, and that its satellites would become visible, if the earth had over ap-proached before, but no astronomer informed us that such was the fact. Nevertheless, no other theory has been suggested, and it is impossible theory has been suggested, and it is impossible to form any other which will account for the

facts.

Another astronomical phenomenon occurred in November, concerning which the astronomers have hitherto maintained a profound silence. In every previous November the earth has pass-

November, concerning which the astronomers have hitherto maintained a profound silence. In every previous November the earth has passed through a region of meteorolites, thousands of which have come within the sphere of its attraction, and become visible, in the shape of shooting stars. This year, the so-called November meteors failed to appear, for the first time in the history of the carth. One would suppose that the astronomers would have hastened to publish ingenious theories, to account for the absence of the meteors; but, strange as it may seem, they have abstained from noticing it. This cannot be ascribed to accident. Many accidents may happen to scientific persons, but an omission to propound new theories whenever an opportunity offers, is not the kind of accident to which they are liable. Their silence in regard to the weather, and the extraordinary apparent nearness of Mars. To suppose that there is no meaning in this silence, is to be guilty of a manifest absurdity.

Now, there is one thing—and one only—which fully explains the pneuomena just mentioned. If for any reason the earth were to be drawn out of her orbit, and made to rapidly approach the sun, the weather would grow steadily warmer, while the path of the November meteors would be left behind, and none of them would fall within the earth's attraction. Mars, being at the time opposite to the earth, and on the other saide of the sun, would, of course, be approached during several weeks with about the same rapidity with which the earth approached the sun. Thus we see that the theory that the earth has abandoned her orbit, and is rushing toward the sun, accounts for the warmth of the weather, the absence of the November meteors, and the temporary nearness of Mars. That the astronomers should besitate to acquaint us with impending rain to the earth, can be readily understood. If the earth is to be destroyed in the course of a year or two, their occupation will be gone, and in the meaning the theory of evolution with the theory of gravitation, it a

Whitten's name is said to be a corruption of Whitechurch, the name of an old parish town near Loudon. The name of the family came from the town, and that of the town from the white church. George Whitechurch was the publisher of the Bible under King Henry the Eighth. The final "ch" was dropped on account of the Poritae prejudices of the family. Since then the name has been spelled in 32 different ways, among them Whityear, Whityer, Whitcher, Whitcher, Whittier.

Erring Forest, nobly rescued from powerful

ROUNTATIVE Bland's wife has presente

Silver at the Corners—Mr. Nasby, Putt of a Financial Idea, Attempts, Once More, the Financial Salvation of the Corners.

CONFEDERT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
Dec. 22, 1877.
Ez a matter nv coarse, the Corners is imper

Ez a matter nv coarse, the Corners is imposonious. Ther never war a time in the histry nv this place that it warn't in that state nv finanshel helth. The disinclinashen uv the peeple to laber—the porusnis av ther clay, wich requires so much likwid fillin, and the loss uv time resultin, makes it extreemly difficult for anything like accomulashen to happen, consekently borrerin is the prinsipal industral pursoot, wich wood be well-ennif, if ther warn't any payin. Payin is wat blites a man, and cripples his energies. Payin is slowly but shoorly underminin the Corners, and sappin its prosperity. I hate payin. It robs a dollar nv all its delite to know you bev got to pay it agin, after yoo hev spent it. Wat I shood like wood be to hev dollars wich reprodoose therselves. Ef two dollars cood only marry and hev large families! That wood be suthin like. The Silver bill wich Bland is pushin, pleeses us here for sevral reesons. The Corners is largely composed uv the detter class. We are all in det. That graspin Shylock, Baseom, hez farnisht us the nessaries uv life these twenty yeers, and hez kepton "chargin it up" when weddint pay, with the remorshis accooracy nv a feend. He never ocood git no morgage out nv me to secont hisself, for the remorshis decorate her and the pay anything for the remorshis accooracy has not been anything for the remorship of the property in the pay anything for the remorship of the head of the pay have a second her head of the remorship of the pay have her any the peeple to have anything for the peeple to have a pay have a pay have a peeple to h

with the remorshs accooracy nv a feend. He never cood git no morgage out uv me to secoor hisself,
for the reeson that I don't happen to hev anything
to morgage, but he duz hold morgages on Deekin
Pogram's place, and also other places in the visinity, for money lent and supplies furnisht.
Wat happens? Why, Bascom wants his pay,
He sneerinly sez that ef we don't want to pay,
wat do we want to drink for? "Kin I buy likker in Looisvill, and sell it to yoo without pay?"
sez he.

sez he.

Ah! ef he only knowd how plesant it is to drink, and how unplesant it is to pay, he wood change his mind about it. But ther is very few

drink, and how unplesant it is to pay, he wesd change his mind about it. But ther is very few large hartid men in the world.

Bascom wants his money, and Bascom is consekently a Shylock. He is a oppresser and a grinder uv the faces uv the peeple. We wood rise up up in our rath and mob him, but alas! ther ain't one uv us wich hez credit in Looisvill, and we hev to endoor him.

Therfore, when we heerd uv this silver biznis, we wuz rejoist. Ef silver is made a legle tender, and is wuth only 22 cents on the dollar now, we hev at least rescood ourselves from the grasp uv this mersenary cuas wich wants his money, 8 per cent.'s wuth, anyhow. And we are satisfied it will go lower than that. When Sharon and Jones, and the silver miners uv Nevady hev got things fixed so that they kin pay wat they owe in ther own silver, they will hist it out to a extent wich will make it ez cheep ez cood be wished. Then we will hev this yoosurer, which holds destruckshen over us. Our land—I am speekin uv the other citizens now wich hev land—will go up ten times in valyoo. Land wich is now wuth \$40 a aker will spin up to \$400—in silver—and we kin sell a aker or two off our farms. We will sell enuff to git wat we owe Bascom, and we will load a cart with it, and take it to that unmerciful crediter, and compel him to take it, and release us from his dominatake it to that unmerciful crediter, and compel bim to take it, and releese us from his domina-

shen.

I see in my mind's eye that deer, deliteful old saint, Deekin Pogram, makin a deed for two akers uv the hundred and fifty he hez. That misable, griedin Bascom lent him \$1,000 four yee rs ago, which hez been runnin on intrest ever sence, and he hez a bar bill uv perhaps \$300 more, makin in all perhaps \$1,500 wich this Shylock holds agin him. Ther will be a spekilator from Looisvill down to the Corners a byin laud. "Deckin, wat will yoo ask me a aker for two akers off the east side uv yoor place!" sez the akers off the east side uv your place !" sez the

spekilator.
"Mirandy," sez the Deekin, "wat do I owe "Mirandy," sez the Deckin, "wat do I owe that crosel, hard-harted Sbylock uv a Bascom f" "One thousand five hundred dollars," will be Mirandy's anser. "Sir," sez the Deckin, "you kin hev two akers

"Sir," sex the Deckin, "you kin hev two akers for jist \$1,500. I must git out uv the clutches no that monster with demands remorselisly the money be leut me. Oh, the hard-hartidness uv this world! Thank Hevin, I hev but a few more yeers uv it. Mirandy, send the jug to Bascom's, and tell him I'll try to pay him suthin on hemand next week." count next week."

count next week."

And then the land will be sold, (the two akers,) leevin the Deekin 148, wich is enull, and the Deekin will load the silver in his cart, and take it over to Basom's and dump it triumfantly down on the floor, and demand his releese. Then will be be free uv this shark—he will satisfy the corrected he will satisfy this cormorant-he will walk the streets erect, this cormorant—ne will walk the streets erect, a free mao. Then will everybody do likewise, but me, and I persoom I will, for silver will be so cheap that I kin probly borrer enuff to pag the graspin man wat I owe him. We held a meetin, last nite, and resolved that it was the sentiment my the Corners that Silver

shood be remonetized, and that resumpshen shood be put off. The Corners will alluz resolve to put off payin anythin. It wuz a enthoosiastic meetin, made up entirely of the deter class. I made a stirrin speech, wich wood hev hel a immense effect, but for one triflia draw-back. I wuz dilatin on the "Dollar uv the Fathers," and sed, with a bust of elokence: "Look at this peece uv money! It wuz this kind uv money wich karried the country throo—"

It wuz a unforchunit way uv gittin at things. For I didn't hev a peece uv silver in my pokkit, and I appeeled to the anjence to hunt one up, to give pint to the flite, and ther wuzu't a peece uv silver in the house, not even a dime! But I turned this to account, even. I pride myself on bein able to pluck the flower Safety from the nettle Danger. Most men wood hev bin disconserted at this, but not me. "My frends," I sed, "When we hev this silver bill past, I won't be caught in in this awkard fix. Every man at the Corners will hev a cart-load uv it." Corners will hev a cart-load uv it."

And they give three cheers for the silver bill,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,,

P. S.—That graspin Bascom her throwed a fire-brand into the Corners. Ez silver is at a dis-count uv eight per cent, he her waterd his whiskey jist that amount. He ser ef we want to pay him in debased currency, we hev got to take debased likker. That man will hev to be killed P. V. N.

Costly Church-Going. A prominent member of a Fifth avenue fash-onable church may have the following dialogue

this evening:

Mrs. Outofpocket—Going to church to-morrow Mr. Ontofpocket (emphatically)—No! It cost me \$5,000 last Sanday morning. I don't feel in a devotional frame of mind, and I don't like to sit any more under Bro. Kimball's preaching. He talks well, but he talks too much morey out of the more where the talks too much morey out of my pocket. He's too strong a preacher for me. I'll take weaker and loss costly sermous after

this. Miss Outofpocket (entering)-Father, won't you buy-Mr. O.—Buy! I buy nothing for the next six mouths. You must give up that trip to Paris,

Miss. O.—Why, pa; what's the matter?
Mr. O.—Kimball, my dear. Kimball's the matter. Kimball did it all. Don't blame me. Go to Kimball. Mrs. O. (retiring)-I wish Kimball would mind

his own business.

Rev. Mr. Thing (entering)—He is, Miss Ontof-pocket! He is! Mr. Outof-pocket, let me thank you for your most generous contribution last Sanday. We need now only \$76,000 to lift the Mr. O.—Humph!

GLASS TYPES.—A material culled "indestructible glass" has been patented in France, and the patentee uses it for making printing types, that have been introduced into practical use among his countrymen, in Germany and elsewhere. They are said to be preferable to metal types in many respects, and in no respect inferior to them. They are cast in the same moulds, and make an equally clear and defined impression. They suffer less from wear, cost less, and are healthler for the compositors to handle.

MY BIRTH-DAY. From the New York Tribune, April 12.

JOHN G. WHITTHER, ATAT. 71. Beneath the moonlight and the snew Lies dead my latest year. The Winter winds are wailing low Its dirges in my car.

I grieve not with the meaning wind, As if a loss befell; Before me, even as behind, God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above. His low voice speaks within— The patience of immortal love, Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years, Of care and loss and pain. My eyes are wet with thankful tears. For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown, I will not count it dross, Nor turn from treasures still my ewn, To sigh for lack and loss. The years no charm from Nature take; As sweet her voices call. As becautful her mornings break, As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways, Kind voices speak my name. And lips that find it bard to praise, Are slow, at least, to blame. How softly ebb the tides of will!

How fields, once lost or won. Now lie behind me, green and still, Beneath the level sun! How hushed the hiss of party hate.

Methinks the spirit's temper grows Too saift in this pure air; Somewhat the restful heart foregoes Of needed watch and and prayer. The bark by tempest vainly tossed, May founder in the calm. And he who braved the polar frost, Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years, The outflung heart of youth: Than pleasant songs in idle ears. The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good. And love for hearts that pine. But let the manly habitude Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh, Dear Lord, the languid air : And let the weakness of the flesh Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light, The ear forget to hear, Make clearer till the spirit's sight, More fine the inward ear.

Be near me in mine hours of need, To soothe, or cheer, or warn, And down these slopes of sunset, lead Us up the hills of morn!

HAYES'S BARGAIN AND SALE.

orroborntive Evidence of the Dishonorable Facts. The Statements of the Hon. W. E. Chandler Fully Statained in Every Particu-int From Other Sources—Mis Charges Es-tablished.

From the Inter Ocean Doc 29 Whatever individual opinion may be as to the

whatever individual opinion may be as to the truth or falsity of the charges made by Mr. Chandler in his letter, it is time the facts concerning the alleged bargain and sale were expessed farthe full view of the country.

Mr. Chandler publishes, in connection with his letter, a condensed history of the entire transaction, as it appeared from time to time in the New York Tribsne, and the record certainly shows the necessity of investigation. ecessity of investigation.

The first question to be determined is, "Was

there a bargain between the President or his friends and the Democratic leaders, as to the e be should pur e, toward l'ackard and Chamberlain, in consideration of their (the Democratic leaders) permitting the count of the electoral vote to proceed?"

Mr. Chandler submits a number of documents to prove this, and from these we select the fol-lowing. Introducing them, Mr. Chandler says:

If the following extracts, taken literally (except the appropriate heading,) from the New York Tribune, do not satisfactorily prove the above proposition, then call for the original bargain, now in possession of E. A. Burke, and held as a weapon over the Republicans who made it: From the New York Tribane, March 30, 1877. [L. Q. C. Lamar to Ellis, Feb. 20, 1877, relative to Charles Foster's speech.]

Charles Foster's speech.]

Foster said to a gentleman
he made it after consultation with Mr. Matthews, Mr.
Hayes's brother-in-law, and that Mr. Mathews urged
him to say squarely that Hayes would have nothing
to do with, or say to, Packard; " and further
said, "If I were to speak, I should say it, because it
is the truth." said, "If I were to speak, I should say
is the truth."

I think you should at once see Mr. Stanley Matthews,
and ask him if President Hayes will give you some
assurance that Hayes will not maintain Packard in
his domination of your people. L. Q. C. LABAR.

John Young Brown followed it up.

Val. Teibane March 23, 1877.

From the New York Tribune, Masch 29, 1877.

John Young Brown followed it up.

From the New York Tribune, Maich 29, 1877.

[John Young Brown interview, Courier Journal interview, Fels. 26,]

I had come to request of him [Charles Foster] written assurances that if Gov. Hayes was inaugurated, he would restore home rule in the States of Louisiann and South Carolina, and that the people of these States should control their affairs in their own way, as free from any intervention by the Federal authority as the State of Ohio.

He agreed to give me the desired letter, and said he would also request Stanley Matthews to sign it.

He came about midught, and said he had that evening procured a meeting of some gentlemen from Louisiann and South Carolina, at Wormley's Hotel, at which also the Hon. Henry Watterson was present.

Next he gave the letters.

The Hon. Charles Foster secured the inauguration of the President. Except for these letters the result would never have been reached.

The next is a letter from Charles Foster to J. Young Brown and John B. Gordon, in which the former assures the latter that he and Matthews are "anthorized" to pledge ourselves to you for him [the President] that such will be his policy."

It is then asserted that E. A. Burke has a secret writing covering it.

writing covering it.
From the New York Tribune, August 2, 1877.

writing covering it.

From the New York Tribune, August 2, 1877.

Washington, April I.

[Telegram from New Orleans, reports interview with Major E. A. Burke, as to the first agreement, touching Louisiana affairs, consummated at Wormley's Hotel, where he appeared "as the representative of the Nicholls Government."]

He has a copy of that paper, but does not feel at liberty to make its contents known. The original parties thereto are bound not to divulge their knowledge of its purport, except in the event of a violation of faith on the part of those making the pledge.

On the 7th of March it was suggested in a Washington telegram that—

Infinence might be brought to bear to induce a portion of the Packard Legislature to go over to Nicholls, so as to give his Legislature an unquestioned quorum. Thea, in the exercise of its undoubted power, the Legislature could undo the work of the Packard body, and confirm Nicholls in his claims. This plan savors of bargaining too much to be reliabed by high-minded men.

Finally, John M. Harlan, C. B. Lawrence, Jos. R. Hawley, and Wayne MacVeagh, were employed to straighten matters up. Secretary Evarts dropped a note to Harlan, telling him what would be required of the Commission, and saying:

The service desired of and intrusted to this Commission does not involve any examination into, or report upon, the facts of the recent State election.

* Devote your first and principal attention to a removal of the obstacles to an acknowledgment of one government. * If those obstacles should prove insuperable, from whatever reason, and the hope of a single government in all its departments be disappointed, it should be your next endeavor to accomplish the recognition of a single Legislature as the depository of the representative will of the people of Louisiana. * Your report of the result of this endeavor will satisfy the President of the venture to be a care.

selection.

Upon the arrival of the Commission in New Orleans, Packard requested the President to instruct that bady to inquire:

1. Which is the legal Government entitled to recog-

nition!

2. Which is the legal judiciary!

3. Do domestic violence and maurrection prevail!

But this was not done.

From time to time, progress was reported, and the reports indicated that the Commission were doing their work well, as witness the following:

From the New York Tribune, April 12.

New Onlears, April 11.

The Commission are hopeful of reaching a result in a day or two, satisfactory to themselves and the country. Their purpose still is to get a Legislature together which they can say to the President represents, beyond question, the people of Louisiana. This they think will be accomplished by the further desertion of members from the Packard to the Nicholls Legislature.

One more colored member went over to-day. Only five more are needed. That number would have abandoned Gov. Packard to-day, if the plan had not been revealed last night.

And again:

And again : From the New York Tribune, April 17.

Just now, the Commissioners, faithful to their in-structions in Secretary Evarts's letter, are laboring to secure a compromise Legislature. On the 17th, there were fears that the con-sciences of two of the Commissioners might de-feat the scheme.

From the New York Tribune, April 17. From the New York Tribune, April 17.

New Orleans, April 16.—The Commission "cannot agree, it is believed, to recommend the withdrawal of the troops, as a last resort, to effect a settlement, two members being fearful of going on record as advising the President to throw overboard the Republican party of Louisiana." "The radicalism of these two Commissioners appears to have delayed bringing matters to a point for nearly a week."

But the joyful news soon came that these scru ples had been overcome.

ples had been overcome.

New Orleans, April 15.—"The Louisiana controversy is practically settled. The delay is occasioned by a difficulty in harmonizing all the members of the Commission." The project for settlement is so completely a triumph for the Nieholds party that it scarcely breaks the fall of Gov. Packard. The Commission will recommend the withdrawal of the troops from the State House, and the last vestige of the Packard Government will disappear without violence or excitement."

Governor Packard made an appeal to the Pres-Governor Fackard made an appeal to the President, to recall the Commission, and said:

"The reported purpose of the Administration, to carry out the suggestions of Messes. Foster and Matthews, by the withdrawal of the United States troops, is a stendy memace to the Republicans in this State."

State."
"The Commission, thus far, has only suggested methods which directly tend to an abandonment of the contest, irrespective of right or justice." But no a ttention was given to the protest, and

on the 19th, announcement was made that the work was completed: "The Commission has completed the work they came to do. To-day they informed the President of the existence of a Legislature with an undisputed quorum." "The Packard Legislature now becomes a rump without legal status, and its disintegration will proceed with accelerating rapidity." "The Commission are well satisfied with the situation."

Then came the finishing stroke:

"The President signed an order at 4; P. M. to-day, directing the United States troops, quartered in New Orleans, to be drawn from their present position at noon on Tuesday next." "It is now believed that by the middle of next week, the Louisiana question will have become as much a matter of history as the late controversy in South Carolina, and that it will no longer require the attention of the Administration, which will then be able to devote its time to other contemplated reforms (sie)."

How it worked may be leaded. How it worked, may be judged by the follow-

NEW ORLEANS, April 22.

"Nothing is left of the Packard Government, except Gov. Packard himself, and his metropolitan police guard. The President's order for the withdrawal of the troops, broke up the Legislature with neatness and despatch."

"The Commission seemed to be highly gratified at the absence of rescutment on the part of the Nicholls party!"

"The Commission closed their labors today, and left for Washington." "The Commission have devoted themselves in the most laborious manner to their work." "It was understood that a public reception was tendered tham by the people of this city, but declined with thanks."

integrate or destroy the Packard Supreme Court. How this was done is briefly told:

Washington, April 29.

The President has decided to appoint Judge J. E. King to the Collectorship of New Orleans. This appointment is one of great importance, and practically removes one of the few remaining obstacles to the success of the President's policy in Louisiana. Judge King is one of the Justices of the Packard Supreme Court. The Packard Supreme Court has always been considered by the President, as in law, one of the strongest departments of the Packard Government. The best lawyers here, including Secretary Evarts, are of the opinion that the legality and constitutionality of the Packard Supreme Court was almost beyond controversy.

The appointment of Judge King seems to solve this difficulty. The Packard Court, under the Constitution, should be composed of five members, and only three were ever appointed by Gov. Kellogg—Judges King. Leonard, and Ludeling. These three constituted a quorum. Without a quorum, the Court cannot exist, and without the attendance of each one of these three, a quorum is impossible. As to the two remaining Judges, who should technically make up the Court, they can never be appointed, because, even if Gov. Packard should nominate two persons, he would have no Senate to confirm them. The abandonment of the Court, therefore, by any one of these three members, works its effectual dissolution. Judge King will accept the office of Collector, and Judge Leonard is already elected to Congress from a district in which there is no contest, and will of course be scated.

Thus it cuded, but the rewards had not been distributed and on the Court in the contest of the con

Thus it ended, but the rewards had not been distributed, and so Mr. Chandler calls attention to the following suggestive documents:

From the New York Tribune, May 4. Attorney General Devens telegraphed to-day to District Attorney Bangs, to postpone the Rehm case for one week. Is understood to have agreed with Judge Lawrence, when he was at Washington on duty connected with the Louisiana Commission, that if any agreement was made in reference to this matter, it should be kept.

From the New York Tribune, May 22. From the New York Tribune, May 22.

Secretary Sherman declines to issue a positive order for the dismissal of the suit against Jacob Rehm, the leader of the Chicago whiskey conspirators. He will leave it to the Court to determine. " whether the honor and good faith of the Government require that the prosecution should be discontinued. If the Court shall so decide, the District Attorney will be directed to dismiss the case. " This is a question of which before this decision by the Secretary, the Court would have no jurisdiction.

Note by Mr. Chandler.

the Court would have no jurisdiction.

Note by Mr. Chemdler.

Jake Rehm has since been entirely released. The department dared not do it directly, and did it by subterfage, and thereby recognized Judge Lawrence for striking down Packard by subterfage, which the Administration had not dared do directly. What Judge Lawrence realized, can be ascertained when he makes known what Jake Rehm paid him.

Harlan got a big slice, as the following shows : Harian got a big sire, as the lollowing shows:

Washingrow, Dec. 10.

Between II and 12 * the Chief Justice said he had received the commission of John M. Harian as an Associate Justice. * The oath will now be taken.

* I, John H. Harian, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice, without respect to persons, and do equal right to the peor and to the rich.

JOHN M. HARLAN.

Gen. Hawley was offered the appointment of Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and declined it because it was not pay enough. Mr. May-Veigh was offered three appointments, but declined, on the ground that nothing but the English mission would be compensation for his services to the Administration in procuring "local self-government" in Louisiana.

Thus the record closes, and, prima facie, it is one to make the American people hang their heads in shame and confusion. For the honor and good name of this Government, let an opportunity be given before a proper committee of investigation, to explain or disprove this apparent barter of justice and sale of the sacred rights of the people.

Da. Holland prints a card, saying that Scribner's Monthly for January contains a poem, the "Song of the Milkmaid," by H. S. Kellogg, which Kellogg, who is a "literary thief and awindler," had stolen from Dobell's poems. Dr. Holland holds up Kellogg to scorn, as the man who sold a stolen poem for S. But it must be a sort of satisfaction in his disgrace to know that Scribner illustrates the stolen poem with a picture in which the milkmaid sits in an impossible position, on the wrong side of the cow!

tion, on the wrong side of the cow!

A NEAT LITTLE POCKET COIN.—We do not want a Wall Street silver dollar coined, but the people's silver dollar—a Mississippi Valley dollar—a dollar with an eagle on it, whose right wafte the dust along the streets of San Francisco, and his tail aprending ever Hadson's Bay, while his lask is dredging the mud lelands from between the jetties at Benth Pran.—Ciscinnati Commercial.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,071.

THE FRENCH CAMP AT RATISBON.

You know we French stermed Ratishe A mile or so away; On a little mound, Napoleon Stood, on our atorming day. With neck outthrust, you fancy how, Legs wide, arms locked behind, As if to balance the prone brow, Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "my plana,
That soar, to earth may fall;
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twint the battery smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping, nor bridle drew,
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there thing, in smiling juy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—
(So tightly he held his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by Ged's grace, We've got you Ratisbon! The Marshal's in his market place, And you'll be there anon, To see your flag bird flap his vaus, Where I, to heart's desire, Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plane Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eyes flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye,
When her bruised caglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said;
"I'm killed, sire!" and his chirf beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE DEVIL'S DEAD. Henry Ward Beecher Killed Him Last Sun-day - Individual Knowledge of God Con-tracted with Orthodoxy.

dny - Individual Masswiedge of God Contrasted with Orthodexy.

Mr. Beecher's text was from Paul,s Epistle to the Ephesians: "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the follness of things he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even unto him." One great difficulty in understanding Paul's impassioned writing, said Mr. Beecher, arises from the fact that his ardor moved him to use high figures and seemingly obscure allusions. This was an evidence of his elevation of spirit, and near imitation of Christ's teachings. In this passage he speaks of a mystery, but dimly indicated, that it is God's purpose to bring all things to one in Christ. It was a loose statement, with vague flashes of a farseeing prophecy of what relation this universe should in time bear toward Christ. In another place he speaks of the mystery of this intent. The great background of all theology is mystery. In this realm, so remote from positive knowledge, men's fancies become most remarkably discursive and despotic. The slightest aberrations of belief on such subjects as the nature of God, have been visited by marked penaltics in many ages. And yet, despite orthodoxy, men learn of God through their own experience. This is the one indispensable door to such knowledge. And this fact of itself implies that men have faculties in quality similar to the divine attributes. If there be anything which requires personality, it is that on which we wish to fix our hearts. Human nature, like the morning glory, however ready to climb and twine about an object of supis that on which we wish to fix our hearts. Hu-man nature, like the morning-glory, however ready to climb and twine about an object of sup-port, cannot cling to a shadow. It must have a substance to cling to. Truth is one thing in God and man. It differs only as the experience of the wise father is greater than that of his young child. The child and the father have the same quality of thinking. True, between man and his Creator there is the same difference as There remained one thing to do, in order to make the business complete, and that was to disintegrate or destroy the Packard Supreme Court. How this was done is briefly tald. to be sure, the vast difference that exists in the great background of mystery. Our views are limited. God is above and beyond all limit, not measuring with our stanted standard of time and space, but viewing all things from an infin-

ude and eternity too vast for our comprehension

In an effort to picture this idea more graphically, the preacher alinded to the practice of the Spiritualists. As mediums interpret spirit life, he said, it was only a bringing back of humanity in attenuated form, and somewhat similar to those of the flesh. Swedenborg had described a man in his heaven, or hereafter, who had been dead for twenty years, and did not know it. If knew of many living illustrations of this ideamen who to all intents and purposes have been dead for years, and have never realized the fact. We can think, he said, of spirit somewhat as a dream, and the qualities we attribute to it are as the echo of some attribute in our own natures. To conceive of a pure absolute spirit existence transcends the power of human intellect. In this sphere we have the word time, which was invented to measure the interspace between two events. All elements of time come from the motions of matter. It does not follow that in spirit life there is any such phenomenon. When we come to judge of infinity, we bring measures that belong to the time element, and thus we are liable to fall into continual mistakes in our estimate of infinite things. To go off into the realms of the unknown, bring down ideas and say to men, "These you must believe," is heathenism, even if orthodoxy. Men must not be compelled to believe in perpendicular channels, or that after this life, people are immediately about up to heaven or down to hell. Christ treated the human family as children, and often educated them by fiction and fable, as grown people educate children. If everything He had done were done regularly and squarely by rule and law, He would then be merely a great man. If everything had gone regularly, He would then be only human, but only one with mystery about him would have acted so. His discourse discovered a familiarity with the upper sphere, and showed a sense of things beyond men's comprehension. DEAD WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

After depicting the universal application of the unspired writings as a guide to personal morality, social order, and civic duties, the preacher dwelt upon the trials and difficulties that compass the preacher. Preaching the truth was a great bondage and trouble of soul. He then branched into a dissertation on the modern testimony of science about the origin of the human race, whose early condition was a savage one, and grew eloquent in a demonstration of the idea that the great majority of the earth's early inhabitants had taken the orthodox road to hell. "I do swear," he said, "by the wounds and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, that I believe the nature of God is to suffer, rather than to let others suffer for His sake. Show me such a deity as orthodoxy describes, sending these vast multitudes to hell in awarms, and I will show you a devil worse than the medicisel devil. Such a deity I will not worship even if he sits on the throne of Jehovah. I will not worship eruelty; I won't, if I die for it. To such a heaven as his would be, I don't want to go. Do men study the humanity that is in Christ's suffering, that they may learn that Hisanita in glory dance over the myriad sufferent who have been swept, like living flue, to hell I denounce it as infernal, by the Saviour on the cross, by the wounds in His hands, by His holy spulchre, as a most hideous nightmure of the ology."

From the orthodox view of God's emisty to ward the sinuer, Mr. Beecher turned in terms of ardeut admiration to the theme of God's love for his creatures. Who could realize the love of God, most living in infinite, and thinking in etermity we shall know hereafter."

A LADY in this city recently sent to an Eng-